'IT HAPPENS ALMOST EVERY DAY . .

CIA Man and G-Girl Are Robbed at 'Scott's Beach'

By KEN SIMENDINGER

It was not and muggy in his apartment last night, a full summer moon glowed outside his window, and CIA investigator Thomas E. Dunk, 27, of 2112 O-st nw, couldn't sleep. Miss Shirley B. McGowan, 32, a pretty Pentagon secretary who lives down the hall, said Mr. Dunk knocked gently at her door about midnight and asked if she was asleep.

"I was just studying," she said, "and it was so hot we decided to go out. I don't know Mr. Dunk very well, but he's very nice and a perfect gentleman."

A little later, Mr. Dunk and Miss McGowan were sitting on the grassy slope at "Scott's Beach," overlooking Rock Creek Parkway at 22d and P streets nw, when two colored men appeared out of the darkness.

ENCOUNTER

Police said Mr. Dunk told them the taller of the two asked, in perfect English, "Have you seen John and his girl friend?"

Mr. Dunk said he hadn't. Then he stood up and noticed the second stranger, his head wrapped in a red shirt and a rock clutched in his hand.

"That's Roy, he don't talk so good," the first man said.

He asked once more about "John and his girl friend," police said, then turned or "Roy," who was standing by silently, and told him: "Shu

Police said Mr. Dunk told them Miss McGowan began edging away and the tall man suddenly swung at him with:

Dunk's wallet, took \$9, his white men sound asleep on the CIA badge, his watch and grass nearby.

"I woke them up and told them what happened," Miss urse, took \$7, and grabbed her wrist watch.

club and hit him in the face
Miss McGowan started scream ing and the other man grabbe. her.

Then they dropped their veapons, ran down the bank along the creek. It, but I don't know why. "It iss McGowan, screaming, happens almost every day an for help. She found three Washington."